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Auguſt will ſpeedily come forth.

A SONG Set by Mr. Church.

(379)

Tune thy Harmo- - - -

(400)

as when with Encha— — — — — — — —n---ting Voice of tune- - - -

— — —-ful *Orpheus* charm'd the Grove, taught Oaks to da— — — —nce, to da— — -

— — — —nce, and made the Cedars move. Not *Venus* nor *Di—a—na*

will we name, *Myra*, *Myra*, is *Venus*, and *Di-a--na* too; all, all, all that was feign'd of them ap-

—-ply'd to her, is true; Then ſing my Muſe, let *Myra* be our Theme.

As when the Shepherds do their Gar--land make, thy ſearch with pains the Fragrant

(401)

Meadows round, and on--ly here and there the choiceſt Flowers take, with which ſome Nymph is

Crown'd; in framing *Myra* ſo divine--ly fair, Neture has ta- ken equal Care, all that is lovely,

Noble, good, we ſee, all Beauteous *Myra*, all Beauteous *Myra*, all, all, all bound up in thee: Where

Myra is, there is the Queen of Love, the *Arcadian* Paſtures and the Cy- prian Grove, when *Myra*

walks ſo Charming is her mien, in ev'-ry moevement ev'-ry Grace is ſeen; When *Myra*

Speaks ſo juſt's the ſenſe and ſtrong, ſo ſweet a Voice 'tis like the Muſes Song: Place me on

(402)

Mountains of E--ter— — —nal Snow, where all is Ice, all winter winds that blow, or

caſt me underneath the burning Line, where ever-la— — — ——ſting Sun does ſhine,

where all is ſcorch'd, what ever you decree, ye Gods where ever I ſhall be, *Myra* ſhall ſtill be

lov'd and ſtill a do— — — — —r'd by me.

A SONG Sett by Mr. Clark.

S—*Il--via* by a dou-ble Charm, a double Char——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ———

———m with Eyes, with Eyes that woun— — — — — — — —d, with

(403)

Eye——s that wound and pleaſe, doth either, ei—ther, ei—ther way my Soul diſ--ar-——

——m, diſarm and rob— — — — — — — — me, rob me of my Eaſe; for

while ſhe's kin——————d, ſhe's kin——————d, I'm all——————all,

all, on Fire, I'm all——, all——, all——— on Fire: Burnt in a plea———

——ſing flame, and by deſpair——————ing I ex-pir——————

——————e, if ſhe——————neglect my pain.

(404)

A SONG Set by Mr. Thomas Wroth

AH why *Olin--da*, prithee why, wou'd you from *Stephon* have me fly, wou'd you from

Stre---phon have me fly? Has he not Wit, a Charming Air? Has he not Wit, a

Charming Air, and ev'—ry Net to Catch the Fair? Ah! how then can you bid me part, and

take me hence, and take me hence with—out my Heart and take me hence with——

——out my Heart.

Rich Palaces and gawdy ſhew,
Perhaps may pleaſing be to you,
Perhaps may &c.
But in theſe Groves my bliſs I find,
But in theſe &c.
For here my *Strephon* firſt was kind;
Then how *Olinda* can I part,
From him that keeps, from him that keeps my tender Heart,
From him that keeps my tender Heart?

(405)

A SONG Sett by Mr. W. T.

OFt, oft have I ſaid, oft, oft have I ſaid I'll guard my Heart, ſafe from the pow'r ſafe from the

pow'r of *Cu-pid*'s Dart; but all in vain, all in vain, I can no longer, can no longer prove,

can no longer prove a Rebel, a Rebel to the migh--ty, migh--ty God of Love; for to no purpoſe,

to no purpoſe, 'tis the Field to win, whilſt Traytors, Traytors do betray the Town, be—-tray the

Town with—in: What Sence ſo har——dy to bear arms,

a—gainſt the pow'r, againſt the pow—-————'r of *Flo--ra*'s Charms? The

(40 C)

conq'ror at thy feet, Fair conq'ror at thy feet my Heart I lay, ac--cept the off'ring which I

hum——bly pay, but uſe it gently, gent--ly uſe it; gently uſe it, gently uſe it, ſince it,

yet ne'er knew, what 'twas to love, what 'twas to love, or be o'er-come by you, what 'twas to

love, what 'twas to love, or be o'er-come by you.

A SONG Sett by Mr. William Richardſon.

MOurn, mourn, mourn,

mou——rn, mou——rn wretched, mourn wretched Swain, *Belinda*'s now no

(407)

more, no more, *Be--linda*'s now no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more,

Quick.

no more; ſhe's gone, ſhe's gone, ſhe's gone, ſhe's gone, whom I did once a-dore; ſhe's

Soft.

gone, ſhe's gone, ſhe's gone, ſhe's gone, whom I did once a—dore; ſhe's gone, ſhe's gone,

whom I did once a--dore: Oh! oh! with what Grief is my poor, poor Heart op-

Loud. *Soft.* *Loud.* *Slow.*

—preſt; what's worſe, what's worſe than death? what's worſe, what's worſe than Death, which I

feel, which I feel, I fee————l with—in my Breaſt.

(408)

Fain would I die, but cannot, but cannot, ye pow'rs a-bove, Why muſt I

live, muſt I live? Thus de—pri—ved of my Love, Why?

Why muſt I Live thus, thus de--pri--ved of my Love? Send me my doom ye Gods, from

miſe——————ry, from mi——————ſery, 'tis death, 'tis death alone that

'Tis death a—lone that

can ſet *Strephon* free, 'tis Death a-lone, 'tis death a--lone, that can ſet *Stre-phon* free; Fare---

can ſet *Strephon* free; 'tis death, 'tis death a-lone that can ſet *Strephon* free,

well ye Swains, farewell; thrice hap-py, hap-py, happy, hap-py may ye be thrice

thrice happy, thrice happy, thrice happy, happy, happy, may ye be; thrice

(49)

hap-py, happy, happy, hap-py may ye be, pi-ty, pi—ty my Fate, pi--ty, pi-ty

hap-py, hap-py, hap-py, hap-py may ye be.

pi--ty my Fate when e'er ye think on me, ye think on me.

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